

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR.

A WREATH OF STORIES.

Bonney Tells His Tale and Corroborates All That Stanley Has Revealed

ABOUT THE REAR COLUMN.

Acts of Horrible Barbarity by Bartollet That Make the Blood Run Cold.

A NATIVE FLOGGED TO DEATH

Without Any Reason, and a Chief's Brains Beaten Out by the Major Before the Whole Garrison.

FEARFUL JAMESON STORY CONFIRMED.

Brave Wife Risk Her Life to Save Bartollet From the Quick Vengeance of the Wily In-fernal Native.

BUT FEW OF STANLEY'S STATEMENTS DENIED

(BY DUNLAP'S CABLE COMPANY.) LONDON, November 9.—William Bonney, who is the only living white officer of the rear column who is personally acquainted with all the terrible events connected with the misfortunes at Yambuya Camp, has made the following signed statement:

I regret very much that I am obliged to take part in the controversy which has arisen through the publication of Major Bartollet's diaries and letters. The facts in my possession I have never told to any person except to Mr. Stanley, Walter G. Bartollet and Mrs. Jameson, and I only told them because they asked for facts, and I thought they had a right to them. Had Mr. Bartollet placed Mr. Stanley upon the defense, this would never have been made public and I should not now be forced to confirm the painful circumstances connected with the rear column and the death of Major Bartollet. As it is, I will confine myself simply to the matter which is now before the public, and will refer only to the events to which I can testify from personal knowledge. I take up these matters in the order in which Mr. Stanley has treated of them.

Probing the Poisoning Story.

I will first refer to the poisoning story. Mr. Stanley, in his statement, quoted two entries from the diaries of Major Bartollet, one of which, page 109, under date of November 24, 1889, is as follows:

"I was not talked about our probable action in the event of Stanley doing certain things, and I expressed myself openly." The other question is at page 170 of Major Bartollet's diaries, under date of December 6, as follows:

"After our dinner Bonney and I walked again, and I referred to our conversation on November 24. I made a determination never to partake of Stanley's hospitality while out here, as we had a private medicine chest. Jameson, in reference to our conversation of November 24, expressed his determination to do as I should do, to refuse Stanley's hospitality."

Wondering What Bartollet Meant.

Mr. Stanley's statement reads as though it was in Africa he first saw the foregoing entries. As a matter of fact, he saw them in London, this year, after the publication of Bartollet's diaries, that Stanley, reading these entries and wondering what they meant, asked me to tell him what they meant. One of the officers being in possession of Mr. Stanley's private book, "The Dark Continent," examined one of the Arabs who had accompanied Stanley on his expedition, and who had returned, as to whether the statements in it were correct that he (Stanley) had paid Arabs so much money and given them so many trinkets, etc. Another man, a Zanzibar, was examined with regard to the diaries of Mr. Bonney, who was drowned upon that expedition, and an endeavor was made by the officer referred to, to find out whether Bonney had died in the manner described by Stanley.

Bartollet's Suspicions of Stanley.

Major Bartollet then asked me: "Do you think Stanley is a palmer, a poisoner?" I replied that many statements had gone abroad in London about Mr. Stanley's treatment of his white men, but nothing was ever proved against him. Bartollet then remarked that he believed Stanley would poison any one if he got a chance, and that he should therefore decline to receive Stanley's hospitality for the future, as it would be dangerous. Jameson concurred in this, and said that for the future he would not receive Stanley's hospitality.

Regarding the Intention of Major Bartollet to Poison Selim Ben Moutamez, nephew of Tippu Tib, and the latter's chief man, to which Stanley's diaries refer, the circumstances occurred this way:

Determined to Poison Him. Bartollet had many disputes with Selim, and the most bitter feeling existed between them. One day Bartollet was asked by Selim if he had any useless poison, and he replied: "What do you want with them?" He replied: "I am determined to poison Selim." I said: "I will go and see." I went to the medicine chest, removed from it all dangerous drugs, hid them, and then went and told Bartollet what I had done. He replied: "I have done so in order that the drugs may not get into dangerous hands."

Working Up His Own Fate.

As soon as Major Bartollet arrived on the 17th, the good feeling which had previously existed disappeared. The moment he returned to the village he demanded of the chief 60 slaves to be delivered within four days, and bananas, palm oil, etc. The chief said that he could not get bananas or palm oil and that all the people had run away because of so many slaves. Bartollet then demanded of the chief 100 slaves, and said that if he did not get what he demanded he would kill him and his men and destroy the remainder when they left.

Beating a Native's Brains Out.

He finished up by beating the man's brains out before the eyes of all in the village. The scene which followed was like that which occurred when he beat the woman and again I had a house of my own to live in, and it is necessary to state that there was no evidence whatever to prove that the man whom Bartollet produced had been killed by him, or that he had been killed by the man who had been hit. It was all that night of the 18th, as on the previous night the firing of guns was going on all over the village as an expression of the hatred in which Bartollet was held, and the

habit of standing before the natives showing his teeth and trying to frighten them by grinning at them like a fiend. It is also true that he ran about like a mad prodding people with a steel pointed stick, every one who came about him. About the boy Bonney, there is not the slightest doubt he died from the effects of a kick in the leg given by Bartollet. Little Bonney was a fairly plump, very clever.

The Major's English Brutality.

On several occasions before he received the fatal kick, I saw Bartollet stand before the boy, calling him names, showing his teeth and discharging his rifle. He would then turn and say: "Now did you ever see such a scoundrel?" and would make other remarks, and then resume his antics. All this time the boy would tremble before him, with eyes downcast, thoroughly submissive.

On one occasion he finished up by hitting the little fellow terrific blow on the forehead with a stick, which raised a lump almost as big as a bonnet knob. On the day before the killing of the Major, on the 10th of the 18th, he gave the little lad the kick from which he became paralyzed.

It is quite true, as Walter Bartollet says, that Bonney died after Bartollet's death, but it is not true that he was killed by the effects of the kick, as gaggers set in, and from this the lad died.

In the case of John Henry, the mission boy, who died from the effects of a beating ordered by Bartollet, it is not true that this punishment was meted out by the Major and Jameson, but that it was the request of Bonney. This is only partly true.

The Killing of John Henry.

John Henry could speak English, Arabic and the Zanzibar language. He went with Stanley in the rear column as an interpreter between that officer and Tippu Tib. On the road back from the visit to Tippu Tib, Bartollet flogged Henry severely and left him on the road. He left the body of the boy lying on the ground, and John Henry being afraid to return to camp, went to his native village and sold Bartollet's revolver for food. He then returned to camp and stated that Bartollet sent a Soudanese carrier to him, and he was brought back to camp. In talking with me, Bartollet said: "John Henry was a very good fellow, and I was fond of him. I thought he was joking at first, but finding he was serious, I took the matter up with the Major, and he said that John Henry was a good fellow, and that this man was useful, and as he (the Major) could not speak a word of the Soudanese language, I thought I would let him go. I told him that I would let him go, and he said: 'If I don't shoot him I will cut his throat.'"

Scaring the Poor Victim.

On Sunday, when, as was my custom, I was out with the men for the purpose of calling the roll, Bartollet marched Henry out of the tent, and said to me: "I am going to tell Henry to prepare for death, as he is going to be shot." I said: "Do you mean to shoot him? I thought he was a good fellow, and I was fond of him. I am not going to shoot him, but I want to know what he has done that you should believe that he is to die." I remonstrated, "If you don't intend to shoot him?"

He replied: "What will people in Europe think of this? Would you like to read the account of what happened to me? I would like to go and then we discussed the question as to what should be done. I pleaded for the man, but he said that he had 100 lashes, nothing less." I said: "If I don't shoot him I will cut his throat." He replied: "What will people in Europe think of this? Would you like to read the account of what happened to me? I would like to go and then we discussed the question as to what should be done. I pleaded for the man, but he said that he had 100 lashes, nothing less."

Natives Threatened to Desert.

Scores of them crowded about me, all talking at the same time in tones of the greatest excitement. I asked them to be quiet and let one of the men speak. A spokesman was selected, and he stated that if Major Bartollet shot John Henry they would desert. I replied to them that if the man died, I would not be responsible for it, but that I would be responsible for the charge made with lacking initiative rather than the charge made with responsibility laid against me.

Nothing Could Be Done.

I wish to be perfectly frank and say that the strained relations existing between some of the officers had much to do with this affair. I am sure that if Jameson had been in the rear column, but I cannot say that he would have done anything to prevent the execution of Stanley's order. I am sure that if any single officer would have done much by combined action, and I am willing to admit that by combined action we might prevent the execution of Stanley's order. But there were many reasons why nothing could be done.

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DIRGE OF ANARCHY.

Two Thousand Sorrowing Friends of the Haymarket Rioters CELEBRATE THEIR EXECUTION.

Flery Speakers Breathe Threats of Revenge For the Dead.

THE POLICE HAD DOWN THE RED FLAG

Chicago, November 9.—A rain of flowers, sympathetic speeches and a parade of 2,000 sorrowing friends marked the celebration to-day of the third anniversary of the execution of the Anarchists, Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer. Decorum characterized all the exercises. The speeches, in comparison with old-time fiery utterances, were mild almost to lameness.

The London November 9.—The crowd that came sweeping over the prairie seemed to decrease the ardor of the agitators. At 11 o'clock the various enthusiastic organizations began to gather at the corner of Market and Washington streets and at 12 the procession took up its line of march for the Wisconsin Central depot.

THROUGH THE HEART OF CHICAGO.

Right through the heart of the city the parade passed, on Market to Lake, thence to State, thence to Van Buren, thence to Fifth avenue and the depot, with banners furled and draped and with bands playing dirges. The crowd was headed by the Woman's League of the World, headed by the West Chicago Union No. 1 Band and the Arbeiter Bund, the Workingmen's Educational Society, the Hedericars, the Metal Workers' Union, the Cornice Makers' Union, Typographical No. 9, Furniture Workers Union No. 1, Turvanees, headed by the Northwestern Band, the Star Builders' Union, the Social Union, the Aurora Turners, the Free Thinkers' Society and the A. B. C. F. M. Lodge.

OFF FOR THE CEMETERY.

All in the procession boarded special trains with some hundreds of others and after a tedious hour's ride were at cemetery. As soon as Waldheim was reached the procession formed again and marched to the spot.

Did Not Believe Stanley Dead.

There was no reason, no reason to believe Stanley dead, though he had been shot, that I thought he was dead. I never did think so and never said so. Stanley has said in his book that I lacked initiative. What he means is that I did not shoot him, but I want to know what he has done that you should believe that he is to die. I remonstrated, "If you don't intend to shoot him?"

He replied: "What will people in Europe think of this? Would you like to read the account of what happened to me? I would like to go and then we discussed the question as to what should be done. I pleaded for the man, but he said that he had 100 lashes, nothing less." I said: "If I don't shoot him I will cut his throat." He replied: "What will people in Europe think of this? Would you like to read the account of what happened to me? I would like to go and then we discussed the question as to what should be done. I pleaded for the man, but he said that he had 100 lashes, nothing less."

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THE MURDER OF SNELL.

HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ASKS FOR SOME INFORMATION

As to Why Tascott Is Not Arrested, When His Whereabouts Are Known to the Police—She Intimates an Intimate Acquaintance Killed Snell.

CHICAGO, November 9.—Mrs. Albert J. Snell, daughter-in-law of the millionaire who was mysteriously killed by burglars three years ago, and for the arrest of whose murderer a reward of \$50,000 was offered, to-night made a strange letter for publication. It reads:

Will you kindly inform me, as I have no other source of information, whether or not the reward for "Willie Tascott" still holds good, or not, as I have not been forthcoming for some time. It is a known fact that he is within easy reach of the Chicago authorities. Why is one man allowed to handle so important a case, and since he has entire control how he would no developments? I wish to understand that myself and husband are nearly expired since our friend and father was so mysteriously murdered.

"I know that an Italian came to my husband and told him that he knew that Tascott was employed at a place less than 25 miles from Chicago, where he was doing no effort was made to substantiate or disprove the man's statement."

"Do you think Tascott is the murderer?" "I am not prepared to answer that question. I know how the boy's name was dragged before the public on the theory that the crime was committed by burglars."

Mrs. Snell said that a man who knew the murderer of Willie Tascott was one of the men who figured prominently in the State fight which has resulted in the election of Mr. Pattison, will to-morrow meet the Governor-elect at his residence in Philadelphia, and will be acquainted with the old millionaire and knew the value of the papers the safe contained, committed the murder.

THE TALE OF A COAT.

An Albany Drummer Gets Into Trouble For Trying to Appropriate One.

NEW YORK, November 9.—George Gibson, an Albany commercial traveler, came to New York to-day with his hat on and presented a check for an overcoat. John McGreevey handed him the handsome coat the check called for, but saw at once that he was not the man who had handed that overcoat in. So he sent into the cafe and had the man who handed him the overcoat called out. "Is that your coat?" said McGreevey, pointing to the coat Gibson was putting on. "Yes, it is," said the man, "and what is another putting it on for?" Then McGreevey asked Gibson to take the coat off. Gibson insisted that it was his coat, and McGreevey said that he was returned to its owner and Gibson spent the night in the station house.

In Jefferson Market police court this morning the result of the case was that the man who had been in the station house for a moment and when he returned the coat was gone, but a check for the overcoat was handed to him. He took it for granted that it was the check for his coat, and when he went out presented it. He was held in \$300 bail to answer a charge of petit larceny.

TARIFF IN GERMANY.

The Treasuries of the Different States Overwhelmed by the Tariff of the German Confederation.

BERLIN, November 9.—In spite of the increased expenditure of the army and navy for the higher salaries of officials and for the development of the colonial policy of the Government, the treasuries of the Empire and of the different States composing the German confederation are overwhelmed with money, in consequence of the excessive tariff levied on the goods derived by the high tariff on meat and breadstuffs.

A surplus amounting to 300,000,000 marks was divided between the States of the confederation at the end of the year. This fact is used as a pretext for assailing the high tariff on breadstuffs and meats, and the tariff on the other commodities of the Reichstag, intended to argue that the country is too poor to follow the Treasury to derive a surplus from such unconstitutional over-taxation at a time when a majority of people are forced to forego meat diet and subsist on bad flour.

THREE THUGS CAPTURED.

Their Brutal Treatment of Two Cashiers Lands Them in Limbo.

CHICAGO, November 9.—In the presence of a score of people John Robinson and Emil Alm, the cashiers of a Swedish dancing party, were terribly beaten and robbed at daylight this morning by three members of a gang of desperate hoodlums known as the Wesson street gang. The assault occurred on the edge of a locality known as Little Hill, and was reported to the police. The assault was deterred from interfering by dread of the vengeance of the gang. The trio of assailants are named Joseph Wright, Martin Noel and John McCarthy. All three were arrested later in a low gear mill.

On the 18th of the 18th, as on the previous night the firing of guns was going on all over the village as an expression of the hatred in which Bartollet was held, and the

BURNED TO DEATH.

Terrible Fate of a New Jersey Woman While Lighting a Fire.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., November 9.—Mrs. Frederick Perkins, of South Rutherford, feeling restless this morning, at 3:30 went down stairs to start a fire in the stove. After using a match, she threw it still lighted on the floor, where it fell on a piece of paper, which blazed up and set fire to her night clothes.

The speaker concluded by enjoining the dead Anarchists as new John Browns. Mike Mikandor now attempted to address the crowd in English, but was interrupted by applause. He, like the preceding speakers, reminded the audience that the occasion of the gathering, dealing with the death of the men who had fallen in a struggle against false laws. The five illustrious dead had struggled for principle.

IMITATING HIS FATHER.

The Splendid Benefactions of William A. Slater to His Native Town.

NORWICH, CONN., November 9.—William A. Slater, of this city, son of John F. Slater, the great cotton manufacturer, who gave \$1,000,000 for educating the Southern freed women, is following in his father's footsteps in making splendid public donations.

He recently gave \$200,000 to a hall in memory of his father and gave it to the Free Academy of this city. He gave \$12,000 for a \$75,000 theater in Norwich, which is nearly built; is laying out a great public park for the town, and now has donated \$100,000 for a public hospital in Norwich. William W. Backus, another wealthy citizen, is concerned in the hospital project, and will contribute \$50,000 to it.

FUN AHEAD IN NEW YORK.

The Affidavit-Makers to Break Out Again—Bribery Charges in the Air.

NEW BRIGHTON, November 9.—It is stated here to-day on pretty good authority that the powerful rule of Deaver is about to pass through the anguish of another bribery scandal. It is alleged that money was used in an illegitimate manner in the Quay canvass for Assembly, and that the gentleman who gave Mr. Quay such a close struggle for the position, Walter S. Braden, is about to contest the election.

At the same time it is in existence indicating me high up in the Republican party, as well as Mr. Quay, who, during the late Congressional unpleasantness, held up their hands in holy horror at the sinfulness of the bribers and our weak-kneed

PATTISON GOES SLOW.

He is in No Haste to Name the Members of His Cabinet, and Will

CONSULT HARRITY AND HENSEL.

Democrats Suspected of Treachery to be Promptly Bounced.

ECHOES OF LAST TUESDAY'S CONTEST

PHILADELPHIA, November 9.—Governor-elect Pattison spent a quiet day at his home in West Philadelphia to-day, where he was visited by several of his intimate friends. In spite of his having gained considerable in weight while making the tour of the State during the campaign, just ended, Mr. Pattison is at this time suffering severely from the effects of his hard work during the closing weeks of the struggle.

When questioned regarding the rumors that he had already selected some of the members of his Cabinet the Governor-elect replied: "I have not as yet given the subject a moment's consideration. Just now I am simply recuperating from the effects of the long tour of the State, and I have not been forced on. The other matter, however, promises to develop some elements of serious controversy. It appears that Mr. Frank Willing Leach, one of the secretaries of the National Committee, has been nominated to run the committee and issue circulars of assessment without any authority from the committee as a whole."